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To Tell of Herod

Leopold Blackman





An Idyll of Hawaii

Rendered into Verse

By

Leopold Blackman

Honolulu

William C. Lyon

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To My Wife

HONOLULU
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THE deeds, the valor of KAUPEEPEE—
The bravest, noblest of a noble race—
The story of his love, and how he won
The gentle Hina: won and held her, till
He, fighting manly, manly took the death:
Fair Hina, she the splendor of the race
That drew its life-spring from the gods of yore,
Who spread, athwart the gloom of dreary flood,
The fragrant islands of the Southern Sea.

FROM out the maze of the unnumbered isles,
That, ever lulled by balmy springtime, sleep
Upon the mighty sea that sternly thrusts
The restless West from the lethargic East,
Came Nanaula—offspring of the gods.
Then were the days of mist: the days when great
But nigh forgotten deeds of god and man
Loom dimly in the first thin ray of dawn;
Yet not less witness truth than shadows, traced
By light of night's young crescent, truly limn
The graceful fretting of the stately palm.

A thousand and four hundred times has earth
Drawn from the grateful sun her life anew,
Since, guarded by the gods he bore, who lit
Each night the beacon of the guiding star,
And leashed th' elusive wind within his sail,
Great Nanaula to Owhyhee came—
The mighty founder of a race of men.

So came he in that long grim barge, that built
Of massive timbers closely joined and caulked,
And, need be, might a hundred warriors hold,
Had constant battled on through unkeeled seas

And grimly held her way; impatient cleft
The long slow rollers with disdainful prow,
Had met the reeling storm, and proudly hurled
Its broken waters from her quivering deck,
Exulting in her proof of mastery.
Thus Nanaula came to Pele's isles,
From the far islands of the incensed south.

And with him were his wife, his stalwart sons,
That towered above the height of mortal man,
In godlike mien and perfect form that told
Their wondrous source: the dreaded priests that owe
Their mystic birth-right to the mystic three—
Kane, the author of this wondrous frame;
And Ku the mighty architect, whose skill
Had wrought the perfect work; and Lono, he
Who holds the winds and calls with rugged voice,
And tends the nether fires that roar within
The earth, and those on high that venging dart
From out the sullen cloud: and last, but set
In lesser mould, yet men of noble frame,
Whose bronzed thews, when winds had slacked
their aid,
The ponderous cradle of their race had thrust
Across the wave, the fathers of a nation
Yet to be, are given upon the land.

And here they dwell in simple need, and send
A hardy race through all the isles, and fill

The land with food producing tree and root,
—The gift of their first home—for ere that time,
These isles which wanton in a wealth of flower,
And palm, and cooling fruit, were well-nigh dry
And empty; beating back the searing blaze
Of day with quivering breath, and desolate
And barren from those flames that raged when
 earth's

Wild travail hurled them from the troubled sea.
Thus all the land was peopled, and each isle
Became a chiefdom, and where'er were men
Or holy ground, there temples to the gods
Were piled, where mystic priesthood offered to
The mystic three, and gods of lesser fame.

And all the land was ruled by simple law,
That all the land might know and all might
 keep;

And since the chiefs and nobles were all men
Of godlike race, around them and the priests,
Whose source no man might know, to hold them
 from

The common touch, was drawn the dread "Kapu,"
Whose laws all said: "Obey or die!"—Yet were
These easy kept, and known to every man.

And all the land was peace, or nearly peace,
Save when, at times, was fought a hardy war;
Yet were these not of lust, nor crafty waged,

Nor stained by cruel deed, but of that sort
That bringeth forth the manly in the man,
And breeds a manly race.

And thus they dwelt,
Till from that first were counted fifteen chiefs,
When from those isles which yielded up this race,
There came upon the sea a ruthless chief
Of kindred blood, with many a hideous barge
Of ruthless men. These, at the first by use
Of wile and cunning tongue, got for them land;
Then, as they grew, from over sea, to strength,
Began a savage war; and now by craft
And covert act, and now by open power
Of bitter fight, possessed them of the isles
Save Molokai, and here and there a land
Of little worth, which power of caring god,
Or might of doughty chief, or strength of place
Withheld.

And now, throughout a land, where late
Was peace and simple law, was sent the wail
Of broken people, harried by a foe
That knew no ruth; until the wailing and
The people both had ceased. Still were there left
Those valiant ones of Molokai, and here
And there a few that could not brook defeat;
And through the isles the blood of that fierce
horde

Of second men was nobled by the first,
Who gave unwilling wives.

Yet was this war
Of slaughter hardly won; for many a year
That came with reeking blood and treachery,
With treachery and reeking blood went out:
And many a year those distant lands that gave
A race its birth, doled to a race its death;
For many a time the mournful sluggish heave
Of that dark flood gave up a hideous barge
Of madly howling death, and many a wind
From over sea bore death upon a fleece
Of soft white foam. Till, after that red day,
There came, in part, an end to bitter strife.

Yet was there never peace or rest within
The isles, such as there was, but ever change,
And war of wild revenge, which called revenge,
That echoed black revenge, throughout the
years.

Nor was there now a code of simple rule
That all might know and keep. Nor were the
laws

Of kapu those of reason, such as first;
But chief and prince who now held cruel sway,
Presuming on their godlike birth, enforced
An irksome code of useless laws, that were
But little understood, but broken paid

With death. Nor were there now the simple gods,
But unto these were added awful ones,
Demanding fearful rites, that slaked their lust
In blood of man, and scarce might be appeased.

Now, Hakalanileo was of that
Fierce blood that late had come from Kahiki,
'The seat of our first home. By whom was held,
By right of might, Owhyhee's land that first
Is heaved within the glowing dawn. And on
A day came Uli over sea—Uli
The augur, mystic prophetess—whose ken
That looked far down the long drawn way of
time,
A sinuous barge had led unto that isle.
With whom her daughter Hina, wondrous fair,
Who, yet a child, foretold the glory of
A perfect womanhood. To these, the due
Of godly birth and mystic art, was given
A place within the land. And on the day
That Hakalanileo saw the child,
He marvelling at her beauty, mused, and went
His way: and Uli saw, and seeing read
The day that was to come. And now the years
Brought Hakalanileo once again
To see the child, and musing at her grace
He slowly passed: and Uli saw, and knew
That day the sadness of the coming years.

But Hina, all unmindful of the time,
Rejoicing in mere life and youth, lived out
The careless days; and learned the art of that
Far time as fitted her high birth, and knew
The water as the land: the skill to poise
Upon the curling wave, and fly upon
Its crest that hurtles wildly to the shore.

And now she trod the wonder-way that marks
The passing of the maid, and trembling paused
Upon the hallowed marge of womanhood.
All beauty she. Her simple pa'u fell
From waist to knee: nought else of dress. A lei
Of bright red blossoms in her hair; and round
Her throat the kapued golden plumes that tell
Of noble birth. Her form, pure dignity:
Of noble height, and stately as the grace
Of coco palm against a crescent moon
That hangs upon the silvered night. Her face,
Pure loveliness. Her eyes, full large and dark,
Glowed with the dawn of life. Her waving hair,
Fine as the spider-web and black as night,
Caressed the soft warm roundings of her form,
And rippling draped her gleaming skin. Clean
curved
And full, her lips; yet not that fullness shown
By baser blood, but such as tells of youth.
Her voice, rich, clear, and soft, and full of trills
And little runs of melody, as hold
The ear entrancéd by their pure sweet tones,

Unheedful of mere words. This Hina was.
All beauty she, and in the radiant dawn
Of perfect womanhood.

And now again
Came Hakalanileo back to see
The maid, and loved; and straight to Uli said:
“Give me thy Hina, for I would she be
My bride.” Then Uli, augur, sadly spake
The evil she had seen that needs befall:
“Not so; no bride for thee.” Then once again:
“No bride for thee.” And peering down the long
Drawn way of time, with darkened eyes: “I see
The coming doom, that gives her not to thee.”
Then cried he proudly: “Nought is doom to me.
Long have I loved. Thy doom I nothing fear,
And therefore shall she be my bride.” Then spake
Weird Uli, mystically, in anger: “‘Shall’?
Now hear me, for I say, though thrice thou be
That chief thou art. For that one proud word
‘Shall,’
Thus say the gods: ‘This Hina shall be thine,
And yet not thine, for soon the winds shall bear
Her from thee, and thy years shall slowly wear,
In weary search and helpless longing for
The love thy prowess could not hold.’ ”

Then once
Again that chief: “Thy threats to love are vain.
But fools are they who fear to take a prize,

Lest they may some day lose. Not such am I,
And Hina shall be mine, and I, with life,
Will hold. Thy darkened threats to love are
nought."

Then she, the augur-prophetess replied:

"Yea so. This Hina shall be thine. Yet shall
The winds bear her away from thee. For strive
Ye as ye may, the shadowed fate will come."
Thus Hakalanileo bore away
His bride, and proudly scorned the threatened
doom.

Now through the years the isle of Molokai
Had held against that second race, by might
Of right, and stood, alone among the isles,
Unconquered, unafraid. Whose chief, now near
The shadowed vale, drew life in line direct
From that great one who first had keeled these
seas.

To whom two sons: the first born, he of song,
Kaupeepee—noble, valiant, true.
Now when he saw the land he loved beneath
The heavy yoke of foe that knew no ruth,
That ravened through the isles and had no sate,
And swallowed all the increase, thus he spake:

"Oh, brother! Long my heart has failed to see
This desolation on our sister isles,
—A prey unto a foe of kindred blood,

That rapines without let. These lands, that once
Were filled with simple people of our blood,
Know them no more, but this fierce second
throng

Now lords the remnant with a heavy rule,
And gluts its fearful greed—a hungry shark
That tears the helpless flesh, and gulps the life
And will not be appeased. I dry beneath
A burning passion for a fierce revenge:
My brain all madness, and my heart all dead
To kindness, and the gentle ways of life.

“This cruel foe has shown no pity, nor
Has slacked its grasp, so will not I. Behold
I dedicate my days unto revenge,
And as a scourge will ravage all their coasts,
And yield the land to wails, and blood, and
death,

And come upon this alien as a blight
That blasts in league with darkness. Fear shall be
On all the harried lands, and added to
The fear of cruel death, shall be a fear
That clutches at the heart, for none shall know
The hand that smiteth. To this end I live;
Nor shall there come an end until I cease.
Thine is this people. Thine the birth-right. Yea
I yield them both to thee. Look that thou keep
Them sure. Fare-well.” So spake that noble one
Kaupeepee, and in silence passed.

Now on that side of Molokai that fronts
The star that holds its constant place, the coast
Is rugged, broken into bouldered capes,
And angry foaming gulfs; and all the land
Is wildly desolate. And there, a range
Of rugged cliffs is found that thrusts into
The sea, and lifts its ponderous bulk sheer from
The surging seas that thunder deep below.
A land of horror, sinister and wild,
And boulder-strewn with rocks of awful form.
A land all torn, and deeply scarred as from
The fires that hurled them from the womb of
earth.

A land in shape a club, with haft unto
The shore—grim threat of coming blood—broad
out

To sea and flat, and narrowing to the land,
And all around a towering wall of rock.
And on each side this hideous land of gloom,
A gulf of raging sea, that roars between
That first and other mighty bouldered piles.
And on all sides are caverns, yawning wide
Which suck the restless wave, and angry spue
It forth in gleaming clouds of fleecy spray,
That ever sudden shoot, and slowly fade
Away against the blasted walls of cliff.
And such Haupū's rock—the land of doom.

And hither with a valiant few, all men
That had a cause against the alien race,

'That chief Kaupeepee came. And here
They built a heiau to the gods, and homes
For wife and child, and piled a mighty wall
Of massive rock across the narrow haft
Of land, and hollowed long canoes, and hung
Huge stones upon the beetling cliff, to hurl
Upon the foe; and bode until their strength
Were sure, and then the time was full.

And now
Was loosed upon the sleeping shore of all
The isles, swift death enleagued with night, that
held
The coasts in fear. For swooping down beneath
The dark, those vengers took a heavy toll
Of spoil and bloody death. For many a maid
Was borne away to see her home no more;
And many a spear, with crimson life grew red,
For love of very hate; and many a home
Was put unto the torch, to pay a debt
Of kind. And ere the veil of night was raised,
'Those gliding sombre barks put off upon
The flood, and passed unseen into the night.

And on a time, the coast of far Wahoo
Was put to flame and spear, beneath the dark.
But in the dawn, the fleeing clutch of long
Canoes was seen—a dark and hideous school
Of gluttoned sharks—held by the wind, near shore.

And then began a contest wild and fierce;
For all that coast sent forth its sleuth canoes,
And all its pride of men, who thrust the wave
With strokes of bitter hate, and lust for blood.
And all that day the race was sternly urged,
And all that day defiant shrieks of war
Were hurled and counter hurled from foe to foe;
Till in the eve, the land of Molokai
Was nearly reached—the avengers hard astern.
And now that howling horde of alien men,
With coming blood enflamed, have well-nigh
Clutched. But this the god that keeps that sea
Will not, and drapes a darkening mist around
Those valiant ones, who fade into the gloom.

Yet did not those fierce aliens slack their hand,
But hasted unto him who swayed that land,
—The aged sire of that unknown they sought—
With whom was peace, and cried: “This bloody
 scourge
That blasts our lands is harbored in thine isle.
Give us the way to seek, that we may sate
Our lust.” In bitter irony that chief:
“Go search Haupu’s rock for whom ye lust,
And wreak such vengeance on him as ye list.”

Then to Haupu’s seas the venging band
And saw the little few that dwelt secure,

And thought not of attack. And straight re-
turned,
From whence they were, and came with eighty
count
Of sails, that glided on, until the land
Of hate was made by night. Then, parting
ways,
The hostile fleets give silent for the gulfs
That cut far in the riven shore beneath
Hauptu's hanging walls, and wait until the dawn.
And now the east is pale, and putting for
The sleeping land, those serried lines of war
Are caught upon a mighty tide, and hurled
Far up the little beach of soft white sand
That heads each gulf between the jaws of rock.

And now they leap upon the narrow beach,
And haste to draw their vessels from the wave,
And run now here, now there, to find a way
Above, and gaze amazed at the cliffs
That overhang the narrow shore. And now
They pause, awed by the dreadful silence of
The place, held by the spell of coming doom.
And even as they stand irresolute,
The horrid roar that crashes through the cloud
When gods are wroth, brake forth, and all the
lines
Of cliff that touch upon the sky, descend,
And cast them to the earth, and hurl, in ire,
Their battered corpses to the hungry sea.

Yet did a few, of whom their chief, escape
Within the battered barks, to tell the rage
Of those fierce gods that keep Haupu sure.
And thus, their lust appeased, they got them
back
From whence they were.

Now when the aged chief
Of Molokai heard how that few had flung
The aliens back to sea, he sent, by stealth,
For then was outward peace betwixt the isles,
A cloak wrought of the golden plumage of
The sacred bird that dread kapu but grants
To chiefs—a cloak of priceless worth,
That twice one hundred years scarce yielded up
The tale of golden plumes. And that same day
The sea gave up a pondërous barge by night,
Wrung from a sea-borne bole—the mightiest of
The isles—with well upon a hundred men
And all their gear of war.

And this huge gift
Of sire to son, Kaupeepee stains
All red: from mast to keel one red. And, in
This scarlet bark of death, sweeps all the seas
That wash those isles; and at the topmost spar
A proud kahili flaunts of crimson hue,
That all the coasts may know and trembling fear.

And now Haupu fills her homes with spoil
Of untold worth, wrung from the foe. Bright mats
Of richest dye, and kapa, soft and fine
As valley mist that melts before the dawn.
Huge calabashes of rare wood of rich
Design, and ornaments of ivory
And shell, rough carved with cunning skill.
And store
Of feathered helms and capes, bright red, and gold,
And green, that tell, each one, how fell the head
Of some old noble line.

And when that long
Red death thrust back its scarlet prow to land,
Deep down with spoil, Moaalii, he
The fierce shark-god of Molokai, whose veil
Of dark had snatched them from the closing foe,
Whose hideous mighty bulk, all draped with
bright
And fragrant leis of bloom glared out above
The cliff, was first done sacrifice. And all
The land was given to feast, and dance, and song.

Now Hina, bride of six sweet years, was come
Unto the perfect day of womanhood.
All glory she, mysterious, beautiful.
And through the isles her fame was sung, and
passed
To Molokai, and thus, at length, to great

Kaupeepee. Now when he, the first
And mightiest of that distant day, had heard
Of her, the fairest of that hated race,
He straight bethought him of his bitter hate.

Then that red barge was filled with proven men,
And store of war, and food for many days,
And glided from its haven in the rocks,
And two days after, came by night and hid
Unseen within a little rift that cleaves
The cliffs of Owhyhee. From there, in stealth,
Kaupeepee came by land alone,
Unto the place of Hina, she of song.
And, wondering at the splendor of her grace,
Unto his hate was added love. Sweet love
And bitter hate: these two that wrought the doom
That Uli knew.

And now the silver orb
Was growing to the full, and hallowed all
The land. A glory was on wave, and palm,
And shore. The incense of the fragrant air,
The wearied moaning of the distant reef,
The grace of palm, and hill, and curling wave,
Was all a land of mystery.

Through palm
And blossomed shrub comes Hina with her maids.
Awhile she pauses on the yielding sand,

Then backward throws her shapely head, and
shows

The perfect lines of throat and neck. Then lift
Her graceful arms, and shake upon the wind
Her pride of glossy hair. Now slowly glides
The all reluctant pa'u from her waist,
And forth she steps beneath the mystic light,
—The wondrous goddess of the wondrous place.

The foam receives them in its soft embrace,
And curls around their gleaming limbs. With
laugh,
And joyous cry, they cleave the rolling wave
And ride its toppling billow to the shore.

But all unseen, for many a night that moon,
A shadow, sinister and black, lies close
Upon the sea, beneath a jutting ridge
Of bouldered rock, and patient waits the sign
That jealous treachery will give. For she
Who first, ere Hina came, was only bride,
Will show a flame thrice dipped.

Six nights the barge
Has sought the shore, and six times stood for sea
At dawn. But now, behold! the looked for sign:
A flaming torch thrice dipped!

Then lo! from out
The shadow glides a slender long canoe
That paddles softly close within the reef.
And now it nears the laughing maids unseen;
And, yet unseen, it hovers near, just as
The sea bird poises motionless or e'er
It swoops. Then, with a sudden lusty heave,
It throws aside the wave and shoreward springs
Toward the thoughtless prey.

A wild alarm
Of frenzied flight shrieks on the quiet night,
As that dark unknown shape, half hidden in
Its whirling spouts of foam, hurls madly in
Their midst. With loud exultant yells fierce hands
Clutch swiftly on the frantic prey, and tear
The shrieking Hina from the wave. Then with
A lunge the land is left behind, the long
Canoe sweeps out beyond the moaning reef,
Where, looming out to sea, that huge red bark
Of Molokai!

But, on the fading shore
A dreadful din of horrid drums clangs out
Upon the frightened night; and cries and wails
Are hurled in vain across the wild of sea,
That listens carelessly unto their woes
And still roars on in cruel mockery.
And fires blaze forth, and burning lights that flit

Among the palms, until the fleeing land
Leaves all around the barge a raging wild
Of sea.

Two days are gone, and Hina lies,
All misery and dull despair, within
The home of that remorseless scourge between
Whom and her race there burns undying hate

Within a room that glows with soft clear light
Of the kukui nut, she weeps alone.
All the rich booty of that early day
Was there, torn with red hand and ruthless strife
From each reluctant isle. The walls are draped
With precious mats of costly dye, and hung
With pendent leis of shell and polished nut.
The massive beams that show above loom out
In the dim light, bright stained with pleasing hue.
Placed next the wall a couch, thick-strewn with
sweet

Sea grass, and rarest kapa, soft as foam
And fragrant with the breath of many blooms.
Upon the floor, thick mats; and through the room
Are many graceful ornaments of shell
And ivory, and calabashes of
Rare woods; and drinking cups, and vessels
carved

In stone and wood, and priceless feather work,
That tell of many a wrong throughout the isles.

And as she weeps, uncomforted, alone,
There comes the fall of feet, the hanging shakes
Along the wall, its heavy folds are drawn,
And lo! Kaupeepee!

Low she lies,
Her form pressed to the couch, all misery.
He pauses, held before her grief in awe,
And then: "O Hina, weep not thus. My heart
Is torn to see thee lie so sad. I love.
Forget, and some day ——" Up she sprang,
in wrath
And, pouring forth fierce thoughts, confronted him.

"Not that! Thou hated man of blood! Not that!
Or liberty or death. I hate thee! Thou!
Whose hands but now are crimsoned with the life
Of all these isles! Nay, give me death; for well
I know that never will thy hated hand
Unclasp its hungry grip. Yea, give me death!
Oh how I hate; the fury of my hate
Will rend me. Couldst thou know the depth of all
My loathing, thou wouldst, woman though I be,
In fury smite me—thou that art no man!"

She spake, and once again she sank. Then he:
"O Hina, well I know that thy great grief,
Not thou thyself, doth speak. Bear with me yet
Awhile, and I will briefly show thee all
My heart.

“Thou knowest how these isles were once
But peopled with my blood, that dwelt secure.
Then came this alien line, who with slow craft
And cruel war have ravished all the land,
And broken all my people, save a few
That dwell in scattered lands of little worth.
All this, while yet a child, I saw, and held
Within my heart red hate. And when the time
Was near that I should rule, I yielded up
My due of birth, the chiefly office and
The people for revenge. And all these years
Of blood have been but to repay in kind.
And when I heard of thee and all thy pride
Of matchless beauty, forth I came to fill
Revenge.

“I came to thee in hate, but now,
Behold, I come in love. O Hina, dost
Thou think that I, who took my life to gain
A prize, will give it lightly up? And shall
I when my hate and love both bid me keep?
Beloved, dost not thou, too, know, not chance
Hath met us twain? No common mau am I:
No common woman thou. The gods all will
We love, and Hina be it so.”

He paused,
And through the room was silence, save the low
Dull moaning from the couch, and voices of

The restless wind without. And slow time
 stayed,
Yet they two were unmoved, until at length
The moaning sank and feebly passed away.
And when the wasting flame was casting black
And wierdly dancing shapes along the floor,
She looked, and saw indeed no common man.
His mighty manhood towered aloft, and in
The failing light she traced the massive thews
And godlike mouldings of his perfect form.
And, in his noble brow, she read nought else
But majesty and godly manliness.
Then, in her inmost heart, she knew the gods
Would have it so.

But on the night the winds
Bore Hina far away, and wrought the doom
That Uli knew to be, confusion raged.
As, when the hive is spoiled its sweetness, fierce
Excitement swells aloud, and blindly drives,
From out the plundered home the raging hordes
That whirl themselves in burning fury to
And fro, enraged at all the world, in vain.

So on the coast of Owhyhee, the fierce
Loud cry for vengeance went aloft, and wild
Dishevelled women ranged the dark, and sent
The weird long moan of wailing through the
 night;

And men put forth in haste along the coast,
And by the paling moon, that leagued with
wrong,
Groped vainly through the gorges of the cliffs.

And Hakalanileo, he whose pride
Had nothing feared the coming doom, and
scorned
Impending fate, raged through the night, aflame
With useless fury, mad with hate, and torn
With longing for the love his prowess could
Not hold. So raged he on till dawn was near,
To little purpose, purposeless—enraged
With grief. Then, with the light, began a quest
Throughout the isle that left no place un-
searched;
And after many days, came to his home
All broken with despair.

Then cried he to
Dark Uli: “Woman, ye whose sight sees
through
The coming years, reveal me where to seek
Her whom I mourn!” Then Uli, auguress,
Replied: “The end is hidden from me; for
To see were to reveal, and thwart the doom.
Long have I gazed upon the time to come,
But only this is mine to say: ‘She, whom
Ye seek, doth live, and when the gods shall will,

'The winds shall bear her back again. Than this,
All else is darkness.' "

Then in sorrow went
Great Hakalanileo back, and with
A band of proof, passed over all the isles,
And came to every chief and told the wrong,
And his great sorrow got him aid. And when
He came to temple, there, if so he might
Appease the angry gods whom he had scorned,
He sacrificed and offered priceless gifts
In vain. And every ancient one that traced
The destiny of man among the stars
Was asked in vain. For all was darkened.

Thus
At length, he got him back, despairing of
His search of two long years.

Then for a time
He lived in weariness, until his grief
That would not die, drove him in madness forth
Through all the isles again, till once again
His fury spent itself in part, to grow
Anew into a goad to drive him out
Once more. And thus were slowly wasted, on
A score of years, until, before its time,
The snow was on his brow, and all his strength,
Save that of love and hate, was well-nigh spent.

Now all these years the sons of Hina came
To manhood. Kana first of birth, a man
Of art and strategy, whose towering bulk
Stood great among the mighty race of chiefs;
And bold Niheu, a man of valiant deed,
Whose massive thews had held the furious tide
On many a stubborn day.

And year by year,
As Uli told the wrong, these vowed their lives
Unto revenge, and lived for this one end.
And Uli, ancient augur, through the years,
With awful rite and incantation fell,
Each god invoked in vain. For time was not
Fulfilled, and all was dark.

Till on a day,
The brothers came anew to vow revenge
To Uli, and to hear pronounced the spell
That venomed their black hate. And as she
called
On every god, behold a rigor seized
Her frame, and thus she stood with out-stretched
arm
And shaded eyes, that looked far down the long
Drawn misty way, and cried: "The veil has
passed!
Behold, on fell Haupu's rock, her whom
Ye seek!" So spake and foaming fell.

Then came
Those two fierce men unto their aged sire,
Great Hakalanileo, crying both:
“The darkened veil has lifted, and behold
Haupu’s walls, thy wife our mother, hold.”
Then he: “Not so. For three years since I came
To that red scourge, Kaupeepee, who,
My wrong delivered, straightway offered aid,
And threw his stronghold open to me, if
So be I wished to view. Yet did not I,
Believing in the very frankness of
The man.”

Then spake Niheu: “Look ye for truth
From him whose every act unto his race
Hath been but blood and cruelty? Despite
This very frankness is she there. And we
Will tear this haughty bird from his foul nest,
And fling his hated brood to feed the sea,
And sate the altars of our gods.”

Then spake
Great Hakalanileo: “Do your will.
The people and the land are yours in this;
Yet bide I here. Yours be the battle and
The victory be yours. The flood of time
Has gone well-nigh above me, and my days
Are almost told. Yet shall I not go hence
Until my Hina come. Go ye and bring.”

Then went the word of battle through the land,
And every chief within the group that had
A cause against the foe, was straightway bid,
So be revenge were good, come sate his lust.
Then sudden expedition seized the isles,
And through the scattered coasts was heard, by
 night
And day, the murmur of the coming war.
And spears of wondrous size were shaped, in length
Three men, and clubs of stone wrung from the rock,
And endless count of smooth-ground stones to sling
Upon the foe; and fleet canoes were wrought
In haste from boles of mighty bulk, that, borne
From unknown worlds, the welcome sea made gift;
And massive barks of two-fold length were shaped,
To right the wrong of thirty savage years.

And now the mighty force, with all its store
Of war, is met and ready to embark,
But first the awful gods must be invoked,
And many struggling victims sacrificed
With cruel rite, until they be appeased.
Then in the dawn the fleet of war, that counts
Upon twelve hundred barks, and darkens all
The sea, puts out from Owhyhee to make
The southern shore of Molokai, for there
The succors from the isles of far Wahoo,
And Maui, and the scattered lands that bear
The scar of that red brand of Molokai,
Are met.

And in the van is Uli—she
Who told of coming doom and leads revenge.
High on the deck of a long bark that breaks
The wave with stern twin prow, she sits and peers
With eager eye far down the way of time.
Her wasted form is bent beneath the flow
Of untold years, whose many lines cut deep
The haggard face. Her hair blows loose upon
The wind—a cloud of whitest foam that throws
About the brow of some black time seared rock
Of Molokai. A withered arm is raised
About the dimming eye, to clear the way
Of fate. And all around are mystic charms
That rule the days of man, and images
Of hideous shape, whose awful lust will be
Appeased with curs'd Haupu's blood. Upon
A hearth of stone and earth, there blazes at
Her feet, the fire, that never may be quenched
Until the end of savage doom be come,
Which throws weird odors to the air in clouds
Of heavy smoke.

Next come, in ponderous bark
That cleaves the rolling wave beneath the thrust
Of two long lines of blades, the sons of Hina.
On their brows rich helmets blaze beneath
The sun, all golden with the sacred plumes.
And on their stalwart shoulders priceless cloaks
Of downy feather work, that fall beneath
The knee, all gorgeous with the dazzling sheen

Of black and crimson plumes. And far aloft
Is flung a blood red pennon to the wind
That the fell land may know.

And last the long
Extended fleet of war canoes sweeps on,
As drives the pall cast by the scudding cloud
Athwart a sunlit plain. The dip of twice
Ten thousand blades throws back the morning sun,
And far above, in pompous pride, swells out
The bright expanse of nigh a thousand mats
To leash the northern wind.

Thus all that day
The coming war thrusts sternly on towards
The land of hate; and now the garish orb
Of day glides down within the rugged clouds
That hang above the distant rim of sea,
Until calm night enfolds the grateful world,
And darkness slowly deepens, and the barks
But loom as phantoms gliding through the night.
When lo! from out the trembling west, there glows
A wondrous light, which creeping gently o'er
The face of night, with faintest crimson lines
The fleecy clouds, until at length it tints
The distant east. And brighter grows the night,
Until the silvered clouds are all aglow
With softest crimson in a burnished sky,
And all the west is but one ruddy gold.

Then, with a sudden cry, there springs athwart
The gorgeous night a gaunt black form with hair
Upon the wind and withered arms upraised
Unto the skies, that cries the end of doom.

“Haupu! thou accurséd land of hate!
Thy cruelties recoil upon thee, and
Behold, the brand is lighting! Land of woe,
That liftest thy proud head into the skies,
And vauntest in thy length of savage deeds,
Thy day of pride is setting in a west
Of universal red; and after that,
Chill night, the fear and silence of the place
Of death, shall compass thee for evermore.

“And thou, Kaupeepee, whose vile tongue
Could fawn in falsest friendship on the man
That thou hadst wronged, whose savage bark
has left

A trail of blood through all the seas, behold!
By these dark rites, I wreak thy final doom!
And all thy people done to death by spear
And flame, I give thee to the will of these
Fierce men whom thy red hand hast wronged.

Yet is

My perfect hate unsatisfied, for still
Will I pursue thee to that place where thou
Shalt pass from hence, and in the depths of Po,
Shall come upon thee my fierce power to hound
Thee evermore.”

She paused, and on the fire
That smouldered at her feet, she threw a dust.
And now the hungry flames leap to the height
Around her hands, to sink and hissing rise
As those gaunt talons swiftly lift and fall.
And ever as she gave the awful rite,
A fearful incantation fell in that
Weird tongue of the first time, which none but she
Could frame, whose telling loosed the joints of all
That heard with fear.

And from the fading sky
The glory slowly passed, and darkness fell;
And through the air there went the chilly touch
Of night. And all the wild of sluggish sea
Was silent, save the lapping of the wave
And tapping of the cords above.

Now when
Kaupeepee heard the bruit of war
To come, he knew the time of final fight.
And passed unto that chief who late had come
Unto the sway of Molokai, to whom
Himself had rendered right of birth, and said:
“Oh brother, the full tide of blood of all
These savage years flows back upon my land.
A mighty host of war, from all the lands
That know my hand, is soon to put to sea.

“ And now I know my day is come, for this
The gods have told. Yet would I leave unto
Our kin, untouched, this isle of Molokai:
The heritage of our long line of sires.
Now therefore, brother, since this foe may not
Be stayed, make thou a league with them and give
Them passage to Haupū’s land through thine.
So shall this land be left unto our seed
Unscathed, and so revenge shall light on me
Alone.

“ But now I know we never more
Shall meet, for I go hence. Yet fear I not,
For ever have I seen this day. But e’er
That time, shall be a fight, such as there ne’er
Has been in days of man. Then shalt thou hear
How I, Kaupeepē, fell. Farewell.”
So spake and slowly passed.

Meanwhile the strength
Of all the distant coasts is come to land.
Two thousand barks well forth their men—a
swarm
Of flies attracted by the coming death.
And now is sent to him who swayed that land
To give them passage to the foe; which straight
Is granted. Then the host, that night encamps
Upon the shore; and Kana, he who leads
The sea, next morn puts from the land and rounds

The isle with half a thousand war canoes.
And fierce Niheu, across the rugged isle,
Leads his wild hordes of aliens, till the dawn
Shows him upon the summit of the hills
That close Haupū in; and, looking down,
He sees the long black line of Kana's barks
Stretched wide, a mighty arch, far out to sea
Around the land of hate.

And one brought word,
In fear, about the morning watch, to brave
Kaupeepee that the hills and seas
Are black with war, to whom he smiling said:
"So shall our spears not miss!" But when
He saw the mighty force on land and water,
Kaupeepee knew the day of doom
Was near.

And, looking down from out
The hills, dark Uli knew the day of doom
Was come, and standing on a riven pile
Of rock against the sky, she fiercely raised
Her haggard arms and wildly cursed
The foe.

Meanwhile, that chief Niheu, has sent
To brave Kaupeepee, the demand,
His mother, Hina, straight be yielded up.

To whom that noble one replied: "Come thou,
With all thy hungry horde, and take!"

Then, with
A countless band of warriors, fierce Niheu
Descended from the hills and threatened all
Haupu's rear, and wildly ranged around
The walls, and harassed all the line of war
In petty fight, if so he might distract
The foe from sea.

But all that morn, the war
That Kana leads has bided silent on
The watch; and now it flings, upon a wave
Of monstrous bulk, far up the surging gorge.
Then, dashing through the foam, the shore is
gained.

With wild triumphant yell, the feeble few
Who guard the long canoes and bar the way,
Go under in the frenzied rush. And now
The valued barks are reached, and with huge
rocks

And ruthless clubs their fragile sides are crushed.
And on the dreaded barge, whose hated keel
Has reddened every sea, the raging foe
Dash wildly in their frantic hate, and hack
Its ruddy thwarts with axe and club. But now,
While yet the flood of blind revenge holds them
Forgetful of the foe, the rocks above

Descend upon them as they rage beneath,
And all along that frowning blackened cliff,
The earth is torn and trembles with the weight
Of falling death; and all the gorge is choked
With blinding dust which slowly clears. Then
down

The rocky way, with spear, and club, an axe,
Kaupeepee hurls upon the foe.

And now the troubled waters of the gulch
Are crimsoned with the life of shattered men,
And closely packed with hideous forms, that toss
In awful helplessness upon its waves,
And turn, with every heaving of the sea,
Their limbs and staring faces to the day.
And, struggling wildly in the crimson foam,
The remnant seek to right the barks that have
Escaped the general wreck, while raving on
Their flanks Kaupeepee hangs with his
Fierce maddened horde, who club, and hack, and
thrust,
Their cruel weapons in the struggling flesh.

But Kana, he who led the fatal day,
Strove valiantly, like to a god, and held
His panicked men, and raged among the foe
With dreadful carnage. Whom he crossed, he slew.
And fain would he Kaupeepee meet,
But gods will not, for ever as the sway

Of battle brought them nigh, the heavy tide
Of execution stayed their feet and held.

At length the sated slayers slowly tire,
And Kana, towering far above, withdraws
His broken few within the shattered barks,
And so regains the sea, with deed of might
That holds the foe appalled. From thence he tears
Vast boulders from the bed of sea, and hurls
Them fiercely on the thwarted foe. And he,
Kaupeepee, saw and cried amazed
With admiration: "This is Kana! I
Have heard of him. Lo, he too is a man!"

Then went the savage band with reddened signs
Of war, among the heaps of vanquished foe,
And such as yet had life received the axe
And spear. Yet were the few less scathed reserved
To fill the waiting altars of the gods.
And, thus adorned with gore and struggling prey,
Haupu's walls received them back. And all
That night was crimsoned with triumphant fires;
And frenzied joy and fierce defiance passed
Upon the winds, to tell the host without,
What welcome waited such as came unlooked
To grim Haupu's rock.

Meanwhile the camp
Of the enleagued chiefs was wildly moved

With madness of revenge. For that stern fight
Three thousand men of proof had left upon
The rocks; and all that day the foe was seen
To feed the bruised corpses to the sea.
Yet was their purpose firmly held to wipe
The scourge away.

And Uli goaded them
To frenzy with fierce taunts, and offered up
The rites of blood, and traced the awful signs,
And in that weird lost tongue invoked the gods,
And wildly shrieked the end of doom.

Then spake
The leader of the land, that chief Niheu:
"This heavy day has not all been in vain,
For now, their vessels lost, the prey is sure.
It profits but to hem Haupu close,
And slowly wear the foe with constant strife
Of little count, until he waste away
With toil and weary watching. Build we now
A moving wall of massive timbers joined,
And, thus protected from their whizzing bolts,
We'll slowly creep upon the foe, and hurl
These savage robbers from the world.

And this
Advice was good. Then came the fierce horde
down

Into the plain, and well without the wall,
Slung fast a murderous hail of smooth stone bolts
Upon the pent-up foe. Yet were they not
Unscathed, for in the fort, close set behind
The massive rampart of piled rock, were lain
The men who sling and ever find the mark.

And thus were slowly wasted many suns.
But all that time the timbered rampart grew,
And slender trees were wrested from the hills,
In length three men, like to Haupū's walls.
And these were lashed together, side by side,
In tens; until, at length, they lay across
The narrow haft of rugged land. Then, to
The top of every part, were fixed long poles,
And, with a mighty heave, the rampart reared
Its long extended bulk of quivering beams
Aloft into the skies.

And Uli saw,
And knew the day of long impending doom:
And brave Kaupeepee saw the time
Of final fight was come.

Meantime the throng
Of second men withdrew them from the grip
Of slowly closing walls. And day by day
The threatening mass of wood moved silent on.

And day by day the worn defenders slang
A constant flight of stony bolts in vain—
Howbeit a few found rest within the skull
Of some too vaunting foe. And night by night
The watchmen watched in vain; and even those
Who left the wall to rest, could find no sleep;
For time again the frenzied wild alarm
Of false attack went shrieking through the night,
Until the eyes of all were heavy, and
The reins and minds were worn.

And, in the mist
Of middle dawn, the prey would gaze upon
The lessened space, and mutely meet upon
The shrinking ground the number of their days.

But yet full many a frantic rush leaped from
Haupu's wall, if so the moving threat
Might be hewn through or burned. And many
a time
The narrow space was red with mingled blood,
And strewn with swollen men, until the air
Was one corruption, and the alien nigh
Had passed away, but Uli goaded on.

And in the fort was sickness from the air,
And child and mother slowly died, and men
Of prowess failed. Yet was the stubborn pride
Of valor undismayed, although the fight
Was to the death.

And ever moved the wall
Of doom, until, six spears without the fort,
It paused. Thus, for three lengthened days, it
stood
With ominous and threatening frown, while from
The summits of the opposing walls, each foe,
Through those long days and nights, hurled
vengeance and
Defiance on the foe. And in the fort
The worn defenders stood with short gripped club
And waited for the end.

At length there came
A blackened moonless night, with howling wind
And storm from over sea. And in the dark
And roar of striving skies, behold! the wall
Of wood is trembling down its sinuous length,
And stealthy feels its way upon the foe!

And smaller yet, and smaller, grows the space.
And nearer comes the bulk, until, just as
The east is paling, the two sloping walls
Are wedded at the base. Then, with a heave
Of many thousand backs beneath the props,
That mighty bulwarked mass, with awful lurch,
Swerves through the air and crashes with the roar
As of the travail of the nether world,
Upon the wall of rock.

Up swarms the band
Of aliens as the tide. And, first to gain,
Were great Niheu and Kana—gold from crown
To heel with sacred plumes that glitter in
The blushing dawn with gleaming ruddy light.
Upon their heads the graceful helmets of red
And gold, and from their massive shoulders flow
Like cloaks of dazzling sheen. Their bronzed
limbs
Of dress and shield else bare, and in their hands
The quivering ihe poised aloft. And thus
They stand, two gods, against the glowing sky,
And urging on their men, plunge downward to
The fray.

And, after them, there clomb a horde
Of hungry aliens that out-match the foe
As ten to one. And now the awful scream
Of carnage roars apace, and in the dim
Low light of dawn the day of death begins.
'There fights Moi—fierce warrior-prophet he—
Who from the isle of far Wahoo has fled
In haste to join Haupu's fate with his.
To whom Kaupeepee gives the wall,
While he himself upholds the second line,
Far down the narrow land.

With massive axe,
Adorned with crimson helm and gleaming cloak
Far thrown upon the wind, ranged brave Moi,

And scattered death among the second men.
But Kana marked the awful work, and cleft
A path of blood, and came at him enraged:
"Vile traitor to thy land of birth! This day
Thy curséd flesh shall feed the sea, and thy
Rich spoils shall proudly tell on far Wahoo
How a false rebel fell."

So cried, and sprang,
And sent a dreadful blow full at the foe.
But, with deft art, Moi quick turned the club,
Which yet nigh found its mark, for, bearing down
The guarding axe, it brake the shoulder blade.
But, with a mighty swing, that awful axe
Flew back, and curving swift aloft crashed through
The golden helm. Wide fling the arms, down
crook
The massive knees, and with a heavy lurch
Proud Kana sinks to earth.

But fierce Niheu
Had seen the hateful deed, and with a lunge
Of his huge weight, he drave the crimsoned spear
Deep through Moi's full breast.

And now the wave
Of second men has rolled above the few
Who guard the wall. Yet leave they there a toll
Of death full thrice the vanquished tale.

Then down
The narrow haft, all red with war, they rush
Upon the steadfast band that bars the way.
And here Kaupeepee stands at bay,
All red and golden in his sacred plumes,
—A man of god like majesty—around
Him throng his valiant men of proof, in close
Array of spear and club and battle axe.

Now flings the first wave of the howling horde
Upon the little band, and straightway breaks
And backward reels, as reels and breaks the wave
Before Haupū's unmoved cliffs of rock.
And wave flings after wave, and yet that band
Of noble men holds firm and proudly shakes
Them broken back. Till, cumbered with the heap
Of slain and dying foes and their own dead,
They slowly backward give and form anew.

And yet the foe hurls madly on, until
Once more the pressed defenders give.
And all that fight Kaupeepee fought like to
A god: his golden plumes all rent and smeared
with gore.
And every place he paused in fight, a heap
Of broken corpses marked the stand.

And yet
The foe rolled dense, and ever dense rolled on,

For number numberless. And yet the small
Heroic band grew less and less, and gave
Way stubbornly, until a score of men,
All breathless, full of sweat and gaping wounds,
Are brought to their last fight, beneath the gods
That fiercely glare above the heiau wall.

And, as they fight and slowly thin their ranks,
They see the blazing of their homes, and hear
The wild despair of wife and child. But still
They hew and thrust, and yet hurl back the foe;
And still Kaupeepee, wet with wounds,
Slays on; till, borne by very numbers, he
And five red men are flung, all blood, within
The portals of their house of gods. But now
The wild devouring flames have seized the pile,
And forth they spring upon the foe to death.

Round close the savage aliens on their prey.
But still those valiant ones strew death, until
At length, that noble heart, Kaupeepee,
Of the heroic stand survives alone
Fast breathing out his crimson life from full
A score of wounds. But yet he proudly shakes
The howling aliens from his flanks, and brings
Down many a foe. Till lo! his heaving side
Is opened with a gash that nigh has cleaved
The seat of life; and reeling with pure pain
And failing light, his gleaming eye grows dull.

But as he sways to fall, behold! a man
All bright with golden plumes, stands from the
 throng
Of battle—Niheu—son of Hina he.

Then swift uplifts the arm of that spent chief,
Kaupeepee, poising in the air
The deadly ihe for the last fierce thrust
Of death. But even as the gleaming spear
Is quivering e'er its flight, the dimming eye
Sees in the manly form the noble grace
Of her he loves.

Down sinks the arm, down drops
The spear, and as he droops he crieth: "Live!
Not for thy sake but hers!"

Thus fell the doom;
And round Haupū's blackened walls of cliff
There wails the moaning wind and troubled sea,
And evermore has closed the desolation
Of the place of death.

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